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MALVINA HOFFMAN

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COPY N° 17

Malvina Hoffman

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BY

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RUSSIAN BACCHANALE *Bas-relief*

I

For one of his last books, the distinguished thinker, Maurice Barrès, evolved an admirable title : *Le Mystère en pleine lumière.*

This illuminating phrase expresses all art, and might be applied to every great artist. The more brilliant the light that is thrown on his work, the greater its mystery.

It grows more and more impenetrable as our emotion and our joy carry us further into the world of the unknown through the medium of familiar forms.

And not only is the great artist mysterious to us, but he is that to himself. The nature of the power that he feels is unknown to him, and yet he has acquired it, and succeeds in directing it.

The artist, who leaves material, enduring proofs of what he was at different stages of his life, and thus perpetuates himself beyond time and space, may be the most simple and direct of human beings, and yet while attracting he evades us as soon as a really clear, complete and penetrating explanation is sought. Beauty is its own explanation, and no matter what flights of eloquence it has inspired, the best of them only succeed in putting into many words that a work is fine in so far as it has beauty.

That is why the title evolved by Barrès delights us, while leaving us powerless and perplexed.

We realize its depth when attempting to give our readers an adequate idea of the great artist, Malvina Hoffman. We discovered her (despite an already well-established fame) with a vividness all the more potent because it was sudden. We gladly admit our ignorance, for it saves us from all influence of authoritative opinions. Despite the great number of artists and their works that we have studied and compared, we found ourselves with a fresh eye before an artist new to us.

At the very first contact she was felt to be "*de race*", at once inspired and trained, ardent in thought, persevering in material realization, patient in achievement, triumphant... and mysterious in the final result.

II

Here we are faced with the happy but no less difficult task of presenting a wonderful career and of recording work that is wide, gripping and masterly. The former speaks for itself. But we cannot be sure of speaking with all the enlightenment we might wish of the latter. Happily, we are able to a certain extent to illumine the mystery of art in the light of the artist's life.

Certainly, all is luminous and inspiring in the life of Malvina Hoffman. Developed from childhood in an atmosphere of harmony and faith as the daughter of the celebrated virtuoso and teacher Richard Hoffman, who, born in 1831, a native of Manchester, England, but domiciled in New York, championed the cause of great music as a fine pianist and a noble mind.

She showed herself early to be interested in all the arts. Richard Hoffman had played publicly with Burke, and taken part in the historic and fantastic tours of the singer Jenny Lind. He had been in touch with the most illustrious musicians of his time, notably with Liszt. What examples, what dreams for a future based on this glorious past must have stirred this youngest child (and I cannot but think because of that, the favourite child) of such a father.

It is the image of her father that is to be the first work of Malvina Hoffman, and to confirm her in her vocation of sculptor. A fine example of transmission and a fitting symbol.

Though musical the young girl was early drawn to her destined arts. The painter John Alexander, known to us in France from the time of the formation of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, and who was highly esteemed in the United States as a portraitist, was her teacher. But with that clear vision that characterises the true educator, he persuaded her after six years study in painting to cultivate her talent for modelling. At this period, as we shall see, a revolution came about in her mind which was to prove fecund and lasting.

The bust of Richard Hoffman cut in marble, is, for a first essay, a complete and decisive work. Not only is the construction solid, the modelling vigourous and yet supple, but the character is truly gripping. What memories are in that pensive expression. This is not only the feted virtuoso deeply marked by age; it is also the man absorbed in his art, who, before dying at the advanced age of seventy-eight years, had consecrated the latter part of his life to teaching, exacting from his pupils more than mere mechanical proficiency.

If I insist somewhat on this portrait and its psychological aspect, it is because we find here that which distinguishes Malvina Hoffman. Her great dexterity, acquired later and through which she will be able to execute the most difficult tasks, will never be for her but a means to translate thought, or emotion, joy or aspiration towards some human problem and drama.

Besides, this first part of her life spent amid the worlds of sound and of the theatre were richly stimulating to her imagination; and it is just that which seems to us the primary quality of her work.

In most, if not in all of the works we shall study, we clearly see that they are the outcome of a potent and sudden suggestion. Where artists lack this gift of imagination there is always a feeling of effort, almost of awkwardness. If we experience a first

ARAB COOK
(Sanguine)

moment of surprise in the presence of some of Malvina Hoffman's works, it is because she herself was surprised. We must be willing to persevere in order to understand her — the artist who has showed such perseverance in subduing matter and forcing upon it the multiple form and outlines which render the sculptor's task so arduous and so deserving. But perhaps we are anticipating, and should return to the story of her life, before taking up the analysis of her work.

III

Malvina Hoffman, born in 1887, was twenty-three at the time she completed this paternal bust, and her model lived but a few weeks longer. She then came to Paris with her mother, showing in this decision as in all else the utmost example of energy.

Carrying on at the same time the deepest studies and the

occupations necessary for livelihood, she draws indefatigably at the Academy while accepting all kinds of work which, instead of discouraging her give her elasticity, strength and assurance. An artist she already was; she now becomes a robust and ardent artisan. No trick of the hand, no harsh or stubborn battle between the block of stone and the chisel can discourage her; on the contrary she finds therein a new incentive. No science seems negligable; she follows a course of anatomy, not merely in drawing but going as far as dissection. Should not this be the case with all true sculptors? and how few subject themselves to these tedious yet beneficial hardships. With Malvina everything bears the sign of ardour. Her portrait in some illustrated journal of that period shows us a beautiful young girl with distinguished features; the eyes thoughtful and bold, the mouth strong and superbly drawn, the glorious hair massed in two heavy coils, indicate the perfect type of *active idealist.* Plastically and intellectually she seems to have carved her own self. Bernard Palissy wrote that he had mastered his education " with his teeth ". Malvina's was accomplished less energetically, but it evokes ideas that are less terrible while still as noble. Thus she is now armed to conquer the difficulties of art as she has overcome the difficulties of life, and it is with this same courage that one day she goes to Rodin.

This marks the first great date of her career, if we consider her first bust as merely the initial step. Later she is to win by her own effort, and over herself, important victories; but it was not the least astonishing that she earned the attention and interest of the kindest yet most inacessible of men.

Rodin's atelier was open to homage and curiosity. To all visitors, men and women, he dispensed a charming indifference. But though the temple's *pronaios* seemed most hospitable, the sanctum, on the other hand, was not approachable, — by which I mean the complete, unrestricted teachings of a master who knew how to satisfy people without giving of himself. If one counted as his pupils all who were allowed to come and admire, they would be

legion throughout the world. But those who really partook of what might be called his secret teaching are the happy few. When asked for the initiation and the sign, he could elude the answer magnificently.

Malvina evidently inspired confidence, the best proof of which is that after having five times refused to receive her, he at last examines her drawings, listens to her and then leaves her alone to work in his studio from which he must that day absent himself. What she assimilates from the works, sketches and studies of all sorts that confront her, takes form in her mind. Some days later, eager and anxious, she brings him the result of this visit, and henceforth she becomes the pupil of Rodin.

The best proof that she is a worthy pupil of Rodin in deed and thought is that she does not copy him.

She has understood.

Thus it was not surprising that Léonce Bénédite, Director of the Luxembourg and Executor of the Master's Will, enrolled her help for the arrangement of the Rodin Museum in the Hotel Biron.

My insistence on this story is not merely because of its anecdotal interest, but because, while not explaining the " mystery " it at least shows *how* the mystery was accomplished.

A great man's best pupils are those who follow in his virtues without imitating his manner, and who, in that way perpetuate him, yet retain their personality, often entirely different from his.

Henceforth the story of Malvina Hoffman becomes that of her works. Later, she will visit Italy and study its precious artistic heritage; other journeys will serve as occasions to broaden her vision and condense her thought. Her intelligence and enthusiasm never falter.

She becomes not only a sculptor full of startling surprises, but a builder worthy of being called an architect. She could rear a palace of fairy colours and people it with her statues and bas-reliefs; it may be a transfusion of Rodin's own spirit that pierces through her constant creations.

IV

To guide our steps along an achievement so varied and so surprising, considering the relatively short time it spans — twenty years at the most — we shall adopt a double method.

First let us ascertain the dates of those works which appear to us the most significant, in the order of their production.

Then we shall take up again, grouped according to thought, the whole, so as to outline its psychology and draw critical conclusions.

After the bust of her father and that of the young violinist Samuel Grimson, exhibited in the year 1910, comes in 1911 a small bronze groupe called " *Russian Dancers* ", which obtains a first prize in Paris.

In 1912 there is the Fountain of the Shivering Girl, *La Frileuse*, and another Fountain : *Boy with a Panther Cub.*

In 1917, the *Column of Life* and the *Russian Bacchanale.*

In 1919, *Offrande* marks one of the first of her monumental works. In 1920 it is followed by the deeply inspired *Sacrifice* for Harvard University. In 1921 we have the charming group of *the Peri*, portrait in action of Pavlowa dancing with Novikoff.

The year 1922 brings two busts of *Paderewski*, to which we attach particular importance.

In 1924, portraits of *Anna Pavlowa.*

In 1925, a Monument erected to the *Friendship of English-Speaking Nations* for Bush House in London, and various busts of noted personalities or characteristic types.

Studies and details for her monument of the *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* start in 1926, and the following year we have *Pegasus*, the *Senegalese Soldier*, the *Martinique Woman*, etc...

In 1928, a bust of *Boldini* and the continuation of the *Four Horsemen* in monumental form. Among other works in 1929 there is the wonderful *Javanese Woman*, a self-portrait of the artist and her groups of *Breton Wrestlers.*

CARPET SELLER
(Sanguine)

With these milestones, astounding examples of great activity, we can find our way through the various parts of this edifice. It seems to me that the logical course to pursue in view of the artist's own developement is the following : first, the portraits, — since her initial success was a portrait that confirmed her vocation; and the general types based upon human physiognomy. Next will come the groups and isolated figures. Between them we shall place creations of pure fantasy. Last will come the monuments either in the making or finished.

V

We have not expressed as pefectly as we should like the stirring beauty that emanates from Richard Hoffman's portrait. As you study this bust, you are more and more struck by the tender

strength and the deep meditation that envelope the work. This sense of meditation seems made of memories and harmonies that made up this long career. It is the bust of a *man who listens*, and listens to inner voices.

The bust of S. B. Grimson, on the contrary, expresses a man who hears the voice of the future and faces life boldly.

From now on I no longer submit to chronology; I prefer to follow the progression of thought, — meaning that thought which unites model and artist in a supreme moment. However beautiful are certain busts of which I do not speak, and however proud their possessors may well be, these will understand that it is sufficient honour for them to have deserved the artist's interest and to find themselves in such company.

We may notice first the precocious winsomness of the boy *Roger Winthrop Kahn;* the earnest energy of *Frederick E. Pierce;* the keen mind and experience of life as well as knowledge of men that animates the profile of *Gervase Elwes.*

Other examples showing remarkable firmness and decision are *Colonel Philippe Bunau-Varilla*, the man used to command, as *General Sir David Henderson* typifies the man of strategy, whereas the Serbian *Colonel Milan Pribicevic* whom Malvina herself calls the " Modern Crusader " expresses patriotic mysticism. A general view brings out the sureness of construction and planes in these works, which are *characters*, types, as well as portraits. It is hard to realize that a woman's hand has modelled them with such uncompromising boldness.

Already one discerns an essential part of Malvina Hoffman's talent and spirit, which is a *sense of heroism* recognized by most of the critics who have written of her work. And is not this feeling of heroic valour the role and very meaning of the art of sculpture? Why should it exist, if not to celebrate, as a Carlyle of marble and bronze, the Gods and Heroes? Thus the artists aspiration ends by enveloping him in its protecting grandeur.

She remains as clear and sure when expressing feminine personalities, but the chisel becomes more caressing. Thus in a

decorative bust of *Mrs. E. H. Harriman*, there is a watchful kindness which will disburse itself only upon a good cause; and in the more relaxed, meditative *Agnes Yarnall*, beauty arises from its great simplicity and truth. If another feminine image were not to claim our very special attention presently, we might tarry longer to proclaim this *Agnes Yarnall* to be one of the most beautiful portraits by Malvina Hoffman.

But we must speak of her *Rita Lydig*. The artist worked with particular affection in cutting from alabaster the features of this woman as charming as clever, and whose constant pallor (a warning of the end — still very recent) is so opportunely expressed through the translucent medium chosen. Not only Malvina but other artists, such as Boldini and Zuloaga, also held dear this rare being.

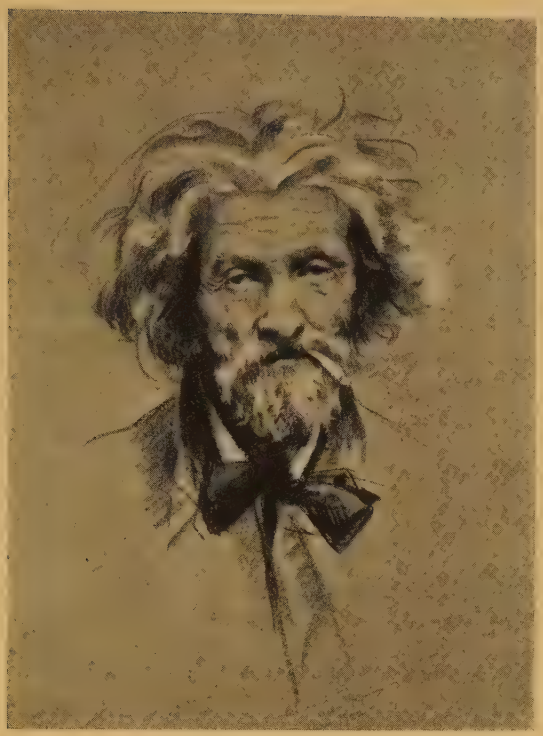
VI

We have now reached a new region. Here are the poets and artists, and their realm according to Victor Hugo, is that of Equals, since he could admit of no hierarchy among geniuses.

Her love of poetry led Malvina to carve an idealistic bust of *John Keats*. Again we need not trouble about dates, which matter little in the sequence of thought, since a work of art executed after many others may long have existed dormant in the artist's or the poet's soul. Once more it brings us back to our start : the existence of " mystery ".

The nobility, the purity of lines, the inner radiating joy breathing through this portrait seem to us the true expression of a poet who sang in unforgettable verse the joy that springs from the creation of beauty.

Édouard Schuré is another forceful personification of spirit in a critical yet thoughtful mood. To those who delight in searching for cause and effect in the human face, the characteristics of race (Schuré was from Strasbourg) show plainly and are interpreted here as keenly as the intelligence itself. The race-stamp



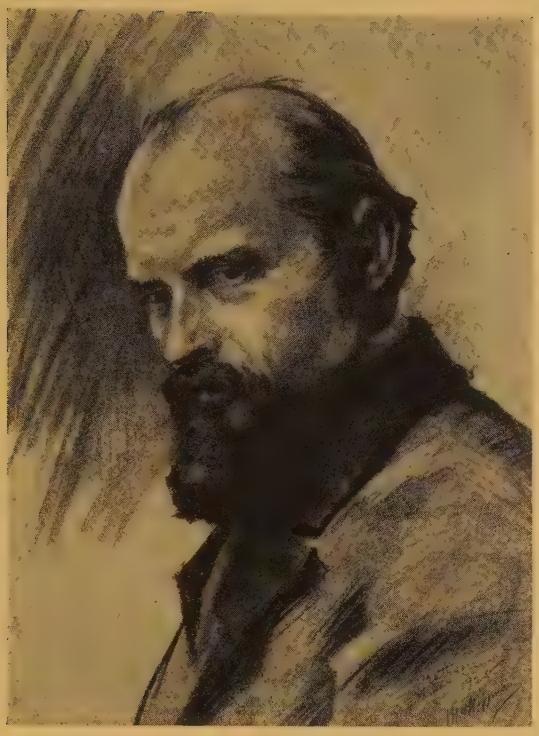
PERE LIMET
(Drawing)

shows even more markedly in the portrait of a Russian painter *Boris Anisfeld.* I feel in him a temperament at once belligerent and utopian, which to my mind is no stricture, for such characteristics are part of human evolution.

Though our sculptor had triumphantly surmounted one of the greatest difficulties of art — simplicity — it did not necessarily mean that complexity would find her as experienced. But could one find a more complex nature than that of the aged and celebrated Boldini? It would have been so easy to lose oneself in a multitude of details, all so curious and amusing. Many artists would have become involved in the inessential. Malvina notes, assembles and connects these traces of time and revelations of a marked personality, but she brings out vigourously the hidden, or rather intangible traits that make the man. A sophisticated, capricious, discontented spirit, melancholy at heart but unwilling to admit it, more sombre than his art, which he projects with a

sort of prestidigitation, stripped by age of all illusions — which scarcely ever held him, — all this the sculptor grasped in two or three sittings obtained with difficulty. The bitter, ironical mouth, the tired but always penetrating eyes, all tend to a great constructive unity and at the same time successfully present the analysis and synthesis of an unusual nature. Few would care to remain thus presented without flattery or extenuation to the eyes of future generations. But Boldini is a great artist in the full sense of the word, and he pronounced himself satisfied.

Still inverting the sequence of time to follow that of spirit, for which the fourth dimension is continuously realized, we reach the most impalpable, evanescent, the most *indescribable* characterizations — the marvellous portraits of *Anna Pavlowa.* An early friendship binds the queen of motion and rhythm, a rhythm constantly vanishing and constantly renewed, and the artist who transmuted the concept of motion into inert matter. Both have a passionate love of their art; a like ardour urges them towards perfection. They were bound to understand each other, to the extent that the sculptor was able to exact long hours from her model, and the dancer to think in motion and pose, which are her language, as colours are the speech of painters, volumes that of the sculptor and harmonies that of musicians. This communion of work went so far that Malvina Hoffman took thirty lessons in the dance Pavlowa was doing with her partner, before composing the *Russian Bacchanale* and frieze of which we shall speak later. For the moment however, we are concerned with the pure being, the presence of this woman so priviliged by nature, so truly intangible and who might seem disincarnate did not wax and marble attest her reality. The modelling of this gentle face is one of the most perfect achievements of our artist. One wonders whether the expression is serene or sad, for the modelling is so subtle that it corresponds alternately with the mood of the observer. Superior even to this sort of Byzantine Madonna is the simple Pavlowa, hands crossed over her breast. This one might be called, for lack of a better term — and I realize how inadequate it is — a



IWAN MESTROVIC
(Drawing).

comprehensive image. Its seduction lies in freshness, seriousness, and also in a more definite, intense life. We are irresistibly conquered by a work in which subject and artist feel more completely liberated from any desire to please than could be imagined in such a case. Nothing could be simpler than the pure general line, simple in its whole as in each detail, in the half-closed eyes, surcharged with vision; the curve of the mouth, mellow yet strong; the hair unarranged, that is to the face as leaves are to a beautiful tree; and those shoulders, — that breast, aloof from our conventional ideas of charm, and yet so inexplicably captivating. In all the work of Malvina Hoffman, indeed in all modern sculpture, it would be impossible to find an image at once more mysterious and more luminous — to borrow again from Barrès the only satisfying formula.

VII

Very different is another portrait, are two other portraits to be more exact, — those of *Paderewski*, — as powerful and impressive as those of *Pavlowa* seem elusive and enchanting.

Malvina Hoffman understood that her illustrious model represented two persons who might be merged into one, but who could teach us more were they studied separately. One is the *Artist* personified; the other the artist whom circumstances and the peril of his country have turned into a *Statesman.*

Let Malvina herself explain her idea. For more than a year before knowing him personally, she studied Paderewski in various moods and under various circumstances. She watched him for instance during the conferences of the League of Nations in Geneva. There, she says, he gave her " the impression of a Sphinx, having formidable strength, dignity and silence ". By the way, when a sculptor (or a painter) finds expression in words under the stress of emotion, how vivid are their terms, — far superior to those of professional writers. " Later ", she continued, " during his Chopin recitals, particularly when playing the Mazurka in A minor, his features became a tragic mask, eyes lowered, brow troubled ".

" After the war, this man who longed for normal life again, showed scars and the weariness that follows prolonged, superhuman effort ".

At last he meets the sculptor. What uncommon magnetic force she has. After Rodin, after Boldini, so chary of themselves, she reaches Paderewski who is just as unattainable. No need however to seek any magnetism but that, rare and beautiful enough, of will and intelligence.

We hear with great interest that the musician-statesman sat silently as long as lasted the labour of the *Sphinx.* He would not let her retouch the spontaneous portraits she had made from her

direct impressions from life, which shows on his part a keen sense of plastic art. The " *Statesman* " once finished, Paderewski becomes a delightful friend, frank, witty, carrying into all subjects touched upon the impression of a man who has learned, felt and understood much.

I do not believe it necessary after that to comment on or describe the close sympathy which radiates from the first portrait, nor the statuesque solemnity of the second one. Yet it would be pleasant to repeat in other terms what the artist has said so well through the amazing logic of the features : their speaking expression, the lights and shadows which, according to the angle from which they are viewed, uncover broad and varied meanings either moral or intellectual; in turn we read kindness or peace, or the memory of happy moments and of anguish also, and above all a restrained ardour; and finally, more subtle even than in the earlier bust of Richard Hoffman, that sense of listening which always accompanies one thus exceptionally gifted.

In the expression of the " political man " on the other hand, we find a sentiment, parallel perhaps, but very different. Here decision, patriotic concentration predominate. The lines no longer change and undulate like the modulations of some inner music, but they stretch almost geometrically. The brow has no peace; it is heavy with tempestuous thought. The eyes become pits full of shadow; even the hair, formally arranged by the artist, gives an impression of sovereignty. Need we then speak of the materials used, — bronze, marble, gold, that enhance with sober richness that austere glorification, and assure it of another form of immortality?

Nothing could better close this study of the portraitist of character and soul than the bust of Malvina herself, carved from stone just before she left Paris in the autumn of 1929. A just pride animates her. She is a thinker and a warrior. I mean engrossed in that fight which conquers matter by spirit. Then I remember the portrait, I alluded to a while ago showing the young girl ready to conquer the visible and explore the invisible world,

but untried yet by all the tests of labour. Indeed she has cause to enjoy the attentions showered upon her, she is entitled to this happiness.

But one does not go through fire without retaining the glow. It tempers the chosen souls as it does steel. Malvina Hoffman's features have retained their beauty, but they have strengthened rather than yielded. And as we shall see, she has added to her constant enthusiasm for art the deeper thought of a woman ready to act, for she has ministered greatly to human suffering. Even the smile holds, in life as in this bust so new in its handling, a slight but perceptible tinge of melancholy. To sum up this portrait, I would say that it expresses will power, sustained by the quest of the greatest virtue and the greatest beauty.

VIII

The woman who could thus penetrate and animate the highest types of humanity naturally turned her glance towards the adventureless and nameless history of those obscure races that people the earth, and to whom apply the words of Schopenhauer, who said that a dog never dies, since it is immediately replaced by another exactly similar dog. These nameless creatures whom we admire from afar offend our fastidiousness when we come upon them in our crowds, our streets or our homes. She has frankly studied personalities who seemed to her characteristic, but whom we had failed to notice. The floor cleaner, *Bill*, who appears to us, Parisians, very trivial, might seem extremely curious, were he a Turk or a Hindu. Who knows? In later centuries, when they unearth him, he will perhaps be admired as we admire today some humble worker of ancient Egypt harbored in one of our Museums. The old *Mattress Maker* of Vaugirard passed us each morning, and we never even saw her. Malvina has made of her an evocation of all who are resigned; she has studied, without shaming them, the stigmas of a poverty that bears ill-will to no-one.

GUILLAUME-
BRETON SAILOR
(Charcoal & water Color).

Again, foreigners will show greater curiosity than we do about the neighbours Malvina Hoffman encounters in that quarter of Paris where stands her lovely home — a quarter in which the privileged few and the derelicts live side by side. Time and distance will abolish many of these arbitrary boundaries. At any rate, she has cleverly seized upon the most representative of these humble neighbours : the old woman who opens her door just a little to spy on those who enter the next-door house; the old mason, the bricklayer, with his old cap, his old moustache and his old skepticism.

Struck by the aspect of the " underground man " (or rather the man who always seems to carry his burrow around with him), the coal-man, the artist had a curious impulse to carve his image, black, sodden and grumbling, out of an enormous block of anthracite, and this enabled her to discover for sculpture an unused medium, a challenge to the haughty nobility of marble. It would

be too easy here to point a moral, and outside of our subject to develope it.

Whatever the value of this popular series which we cannot ignore, though its level appears to us less high than that of works we have already analyzed or are yet to admire, we must not attribute merely to a difference in clime the attraction felt towards the exotic types in whom the artist has impressed a haunting materialization of memories gathered in her travels.

We can see with what breadth and sureness of hand she draws subjects that are strange : the proud old *Sheik*, or the *Arab Cook;* the *Brittany Sailor* or those two past-masters in the art of patining bronze, *Limet* and his son *Jean.* She who designs so firmly and sculpturally assembles in a powerful evocation samples of ethnology that enable us, through one composite figure, to cross space and travel back through the ages.

Somewhat special also is the *Boy and Fighting Cock* (native of Bali) proudly holding in his hand his precious possession. It is a masterly work well fitted for bronze; but for my part, after admiring this bellicose picture, I feel less tempted to remain in contemplation than I would before other works I shall mention.

The *Rabbi of Djerba*, curiously treated in Assyrian mode, is carved in wood with great strokes in most ornamental fashion. Another wood figure, very realistic, is evenmore significant : I mean the *African Slave.* With a slight stretch of the imagination we could see in him a fallen king, or a descendant of fallen kings, not only in prehistoric days, but at any period of human history.

The gorgeous *Elephant Hunter*, made of polychromed plaster, belongs to a still higher level. It recalls the Ethiopian Magi that Rubens often places in his Adoration of the Kings. The materials used serve to enhance the strange, wild and bold aspect that, however, loses nothing through precision of detail or vastness of construction.

After giving recognition to two other beautiful works, the *Javanese Woman* and the *Dancer*, where Malvina Hoffman transcribes, while enriching them, the most perfect types of Asiatic

art and gives them a human quality often lacking in the relics of antiquity, we may consider the two masterpieces of this part of her work : the *Senegalese Soldier* and the mask of the *Javanese Dancer.*

Here, in a manner sufficiently modernistic to give the sensation of newness we demand, sculpture attains the permanent character, the esthetic stability that make us accept ancient art.

What, in itself, is the *Senegalese Soldier*? Explained most simply, it is but an ordinary entity, like a million others, mortal as they are, and with no more value than an insect in an anthill. A mere passive brute, who may however, considered singly, show a cramped intelligence in its own sphere, and even a certain kind-heartedness, limited by the instinctive malice of man. But now comes the artist, who selects this type as Emerson chose his Representative Men, and at once it becomes a source of surprise, of contemplation, and... a mystery. One studies tirelessly this singular head; the arrangement of lines, flashes, curves and contractions. Its very immobility gives it intense life. Without pausing over the admirable technique of the patient worker, we marvel at the strength, the swing with which the *artist's* soul has endowed the labourer, her " double " : — Malvina the artisan and Malvina the thinker merged into indissoluble alliance. Thought materializes and the black marble becomes as glorious as the finest bronze, — perhaps even more beautiful.

The *Senegalese Soldier* holds us by some complex attraction, not altogether of alarm, nor of animus, but into which enters something of both to complete its Asiatic lure. In the face of the *Javanese Woman* the attraction that captivates is still more difficult to define; it is *charm.* Modern sculpture, I believe, offers no work so truly equal to the most perfect creations of Asiatic art. Let us not be misled : this is no imitation, no pastiche. Malvina Hoffman would have created from this woman a wonderful statue, even though she had never studied the art of India. She was willingly impressed (these terms do not contradict each other) by her model, who, in turn, she transmuted into a material form. The

JEAN LIMET
(Charcoal & water Color).

result is an image anguishing in its stillness, in which lines develop without beginning or end, — hardly lines, but possible surfaces, vanishing or changing planes. This face, *we know not how to read it* since, in her perverse serenity — which is not mere instinct — this woman is ignorant of the fascination she wields. (I do not mean the woman herself, of course, but the one Malvina Hoffman has created from this model). An old French proverb says that no waters are as dangerous as still waters. We can prove it in studying this work. The sculptor has achieved great things; she will create others; I do not know if she can ever do anything more perfect.

IX

We have dwelt longer over these portraits than we shall over the larger groups. Do not take this for à mistake of values in

our general survey. It was necessary to proceed thus in order to plumb the mind and define the talent of our sculptor. The big compositions speak for themselves, *lapides clamabunt*, and will speak the more clearly for the understanding we now have of the elements involved.

To reach the biggest works, we must follow the transitional steps of full-length figures, single or in groups, which form an important chapter of this work and may lengthen with time.

A sufficient proof of Malvina Hoffman's ability in the line of " individual monuments " is furnished by her forceful statue of *Ivan Mestrovic.*

They are other proofs whose modelled forms will allow us to mention them more rapidly : His Highness *Kiki*, Siamese cat, full of wisdom and dignity; the superb *Arab Stallion* (made in Croatia in 1927) that would carry us in a mad gallop towards those terrible companions whose acquaintance we shall soon make, — the horses of the Apocalypse. But a poem of humanity calls imperiously.

A plastic and rhythmic poem first of all. We know how closely friendship and art bound Malvina Hoffman and Anna Pavlowa. I cannot say — though it seems probable — that the dancer owes some of her most dazzling inventions to an exchange of ideas with the sculptor, but we did see that the latter carried out her study of motion in practising for months with the dancer. It explains the intensity of life, the animation that inspires those excellent groups : *Pavlowa and Novikof*, *the Peri*, *the Dancers*, sheltered amid the bowers of the Luxembourg Gardens, and the *Bacchanale* that brings to mind whole parts of Euripedes' tragedy, The Bacchantes. It is hard to choose between groups so well balanced, — but perhaps the first-named is the happiest conception. People of the Renaissance would, I believe, have confirmed this choice.

A sentimental poem follows, conceived and realized with great delicacy by this woman who can so well express strength and grandeur. *Prayer* needs no commentary; it is exquisite, and confirms all we have said of Malvina Hoffman as the pupil of

Rodin; we merely repeat that in these works she shows the master's training for the very reason that she does not imitate.

A whole series of statues belong to one cycle, although not planned in sequence (besides, they will, of necessity, be dispersed throughout the world); but they are of the same spirit and form an epic of Love. *Offrande* is the initial song; *Column of Life* a triumphant chant; then another *Prayer*, — for two — different from the virginal statue already cited; this one is all languor and prostration; and last comes *Death*, which Malvina Hoffman, through her faith in beauty, sees not as despair but as glory, or, as she expresses it : " *Mort Exquise* ". These various episodes of an eternal poem are so evidently related that they need no paraphrasing. Their charm of evocation and the feeling that animates them show us a new domain in our artist's field of inspiration.

It is not the last one left to explore. No doubt she will return to it, and alternate treasures of grace, passion and light with great flashes of tragedy and glory. Let us now enter the monumental realm.

X

Yet again we approach only by a path strewn with smiling or touching interludes. I do not mean certain imaginative groups such as the *Gavotte of Pavlowa*, which was for the sculptor a chance to study the nude and then to clothe it; or the purely decorative *Peacock Fountain;* or the ornamental *Hindu Incense Burner*, so living; neither do I include another *Pavlowa*, intense with emotion, in the guise of a Byzantine Madonna; nor, finally, the *Hand of the blind painter Lemordant*, so stirring and so expressive of an indomitable will, — not even the two hands grouped under the beautiful legend : *Incipit Vita Nova.*

Other sculpture, meant for gardens, parks and fountains, form this group. Malvina Hoffman, as we have said and shall prove, has not only sculptural genius, — she has an architect's intuition.

She knows at once the place that needs sculpture, and what sculpture will fit the place. In Mrs. Henry C. Frick's garden, for instance, a charming *Boy Neptune* boldly brandishes his trident, while presiding over an Ocean built for his size. In a wooded corner, where a spring cascades gaily over small rocks, the young *Frileuse* shivers, and it is a joy to come unexpectedly upon this delightful figure. The *Boy playing with a young Panther* emerging upon a rock in the middle of a flowery pool, shows an idea and technique which, while they do not copy any of Versailles mythological fancies, render it worthy of standing among these. Such are the plays and diversions wherein the artist seeks rest between greater and deeper missions; they are the *scherzi* of her sculptural symphony.

Still without reference to chronology I find, in 1925, — that is to say five years after *Sacrifice*, which I consider as Malvina Hoffman's greatest masterpiece — a new group, simple and majestic, that crowns the entrance to Bush House in Kingsway, London. Two great figures unite in carrying the torch of civilization (a torch we should like to believe pacific) and symbolize *Anglo-American Friendship*. It is needless to comment upon the strength and simplicity of thought, the mastery of form and execution.

I come to another monument which has already cost tremendous research, innumerable studies of detail and ensemble and which Malvina has undertaken for herself; we hope, however, not for her joy alone. It is the *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*. A man would require exceptional valour to carry out to completion such an attempt. What shall we say of the woman's courage, as we see her mastering her idea, pursuing relentlessly the grasp and invention of details, of figures that must combine in the unified whole, until the latter achieves its full effect and complete power?

For the horses and their riders of despair, she has made countless partial essays of character, of motion, of polychrome effects, all eamnt to increase the feeling of terror. Notice how varied in pose, in look, are the drawings of Horsmean *Famine*, the bas-reliefs

of Horseman *War* and of Horseman *Pestilence;* how each action is appropriate to the sort of terror they spread throughout the world... Now the bas-reliefs group themselves around the four sides of an excellently proportioned base. This base of course must be surmounted by something that will give to the monument its full significance. Then come the four great funerary Archangels who, as flat bas-reliefs, will add to the sense of eerie apparition. The four Horses set in angles tie closely together the two parts of this frightful commemoration of sorrows that harrass mankind, and that man brought upon himself. The work could now stand, giving its lesson to nations rendered wise at last through suffering.

But no, the architect is not content. The monument looms larger yet. The colossal base and the riders are taken up again in the round, no longer held by plane surfaces. They are ready to spring through space, while the Announcing Archangel cries out in vain from the top of this pyramid, the need of repentance or of atonement. Alas, are we nearing this second alternative? We might believe it, if an order for this glorious project were voted by acclamation in Geneva... or elsewhere.

At least, if Malvina Hoffman has only dreamed the end of all plagues through their very excess, she has actually realized the glorification of their victims and, through them, redemption.

I interrupt a moment to show an aspect of this remarkable woman's nature, without which we could not truly know her.

It is not enough to see beauty in art and to enjoy it according to its worth and our temperament. Every one may feel beauty in the presence of works by authors of whom we know nothing. But we try to discover in the tone of their achievement what they were. We may even, gathering an artist's work from everywhere, build up a likely personality; — which proves that a great artist cannot remain merely an unknown friend, since we invent him if necessary. When we have discovered some traits of his life, or his whole life, we question him more eagerly to understand what he has given us. His work is lighted by his acts and words, they become a sort

of legacy of which we are the trustees. What is true of bygone artists applies also to our contemporaries.

It is true. In the course of this study, we have told facts that show not only the quality of the work but also the attributes of the artist : a great energy; a burning ardour; and a third trait, more undefinable, which partakes of the other two : energy restraining ardour so that it will not restrain itself in exaltation until the patient labour is completed.

A thought always commands and determines the works of Malvina Hoffman; it is evidenced in the subject itself; whereas many sculptors are satisfied with no thought, or the thought of others, — which, after all, may produce good plastic results. But these appeal only to our senses; those who touch our hearts and minds through the senses belong to a higher sphere.

After considering Malvina Hoffman in this light, we learn with joy that she is not only ardent in intellectual conception, energetic in handling her materials, but also that she has proved herself, in action, sympathizing with human afflictions and eager to relieve them by all means in her power.

War finds her at the head of the National and Foreign Information of the American Red Cross in New York. Every one knows the multiple tasks such a position brings.

But first, in Paris, she becomes one of the founders of " *l'Appui aux Artistes.* " Have we forgotten already that the world catastrophe left painters, sculptors, etchers, singers, actors, in dire distress, and that this elite went hungry?

In 1918, she organized the American Relief for Yugo-Slavia. She saw with her own eyes undreamed misery; she suffered hardships : Belgrade half in ruins and the other hard to succor; the country around worse off even; children in tatters, gasping their last breath...

What courage spent in this fight against despair. What enthusiasm needed to rekindle hope; — what human love offered to make help more helpful. She has written an account of this mission, and illustrated it with telling sketches. Keen observation,

compassion, frankness and gleams of humour pierce through the sombre clouds, enliven the style and vibrate with admiration for those heroes — the " modern Crusaders ", of the race of men like Pribicevic. Shall we wonder now at all we find in Malvina Hoffman's sculpture besides sculpture?

When writing of this experience, a remark escapes her, more far-reaching than she perhaps knows. According to her, the thing that has sustained the Slavs during these interminable periods of trials, oppressions, wars and rebellions, is their inexhaustible well of national songs. Yes, they live their hopes in their songs.

It is so with humanity. It follows its dramatic course, sustained by songs, — by pictures, — by poets and artists, who when they understand and accomplish their task, consciously or instinctively, become indeed what Malvina herself calls " perpetual Crusaders ".

After the War and its cruel consequences, she expressed a still higher thought in one of her greatest monuments : *Sacrifice*.

This group, meant to commemorate the Harvard men killed in the War, was bought and offered to the University by Mrs. Robert Bacon in memory of her husband, who was Ambassador to France, and whose bust Malvina Hoffman had made in the earlier days of her career. The monument is at present in New York, in the Cathedral of *Saint John the Divine*, awaiting its transfer to the famous intellectual centre.

Although nearing our conclusion (is it necessary to conclude?) we must add that material perfection greatly helps the beauty of sentiment.

In order to execute this important work, Malvina Hoffman sent to Caen for a block of stone weighing ten tons, and worked on it in a hall lighted by one South window only. The armour was cut without a hammer, her chisel only pressing into the stone for fear of breaking the fragile links of the chain. In eight years, the stone has hardened and assumed a beautiful dark ivory tint.

These details, far from dulling our emotion, show how art

changes matter and gives it supreme life : *mens agitat molem.* It might be the motto, or at least the aim, of every great sculptor.

The idea itself, which gave life to this block of stone, is clear and stirring. The great white figure, straightening under the weight of sorrow, watches for the last time over a dead body, whose features tell only of ultimate peace. From a plastic standpoint, the woman's anguished expression and the dignity of her mourning veils are beautiful enough to require no praise. This woman, mother or wife, offers as a sacrifice the one who has given his life in sacrifice.

And I shall use Malvina Hoffman's own terms, since she has worded her thought as she alone could : " Both are proud of their sacrifice, and ask neither pity nor sympathy ". So does the artist offer the best of his strength and of his spirit, sometimes to the extent of obtaining his reward only beyond the grave.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF

MALVINA HOFFMAN

1910

1. RICHARD HOFFMAN.

   Portrait bust in marble.

2. SAMUEL B. GRIMSON.

   Portrait bust in bronze. Honourable mention, Paris, Salon, 1910.

1911

3. RUSSIAN DANCERS.

   Statuette in bronze. First prize, Paris, 1911.
   Owned by Mrs Leonard Elmhurst. Miss Matilda Frelinghuysen, etc..., etc.

4. FIDELIA M. HOFFMAN.

   Portrait in marble.

1912

5. SHIVERING GIRL.

   Fountain figure in bronze. Garden of Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady, Long Island, etc..., etc.
   Also as Statuette, ten inches high.

1913

6. ROGER KAHN.

   Portrait bust in marble.
   High relief in terra-cotta, owned by Mrs. Otto H. Kahn.

1914

7. « MORTE EXQUISE ».

Group in marble, owned by Felix M. Warburg Esq.

1915

8. BOY AND PANTHER CUB.

Fountain in bronze. No. 1. Paul M. Warburg Esq., Hartsdale, New-York. No. 2. John Severance, Cleveland, Ohio. No. 3. Mrs. Henry C. Lancashire, Manchester, Mass.

9. Also as statuette in bronze, 20 inches high.

10. PAVLOWA GAVOTTE.

Portrait statuette, 14 inches high.
In wax : Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y.
Museum of Art, Stockholm. Gift of Mrs. Robert Woods, Bliss.
Sir Joseph Duveen.
Mrs. Jacob Schiff.
Mrs. William K. Draper.
Mrs. Otto H. Kahn, etc..., etc.

11. Also in gold bronze, Detroit Institute of Arts.

1917

12. FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

Portrait in marble, owned by Mrs. Stanley Mc Cormick.
Second version in bronze, owned by Mrs. F. E. Pierce.

13. COLUMN OF LIFE.

Group in marble, owned by George Scott Esq., Chicago, Ill.
Second version in bronze.
As a seal, five inches high.

14. FRIEZE.

Bacchanale Russe in bas-relief. 26 panels in plaster.

15. BACCHANALE RUSSE.

Portraits of Pavlowa and Mordkin in bronze, over life size No. 1. Henry Dalton Esq., Cleveland, Ohio. No. 2. Luxembourg Gardens, Paris. Shaw Memorial Prize Nat'l Academy of Design-N. Y. 1917.

Second version, half size, owned by Col. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, Paris, etc...
Also as a statuette in bronze, 14 inches high.

1918

16. COLONEL MILAN PRIBICEVIC (*MODERN CRUSADER*)

Portrait bust in bronze. No. 1. Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y. No. 2. Art Institute of Chicago, III. No. 3. Lionberger Davis Esq., St. Louis, Mo.

1919

17. BORIS ANISFELD.

Portrait bust in plaster.

18. « OFFRANDE ».

Group, half life size, in marble.
Widener Memorial Medal, Philadelphia, 1920.
Helen Foster Barnett Prize, Nat'l Academy, N. Y. 1921.

19. COLONEL P. BUNAU-VARILLA.

Portrait bust in bronze, owned by Col. Bunau-Varilla, Paris.

20. GENERAL SIR DAVID HENDERSON.

Portrait bust in simili-pierre.
British War Museum, London.

1920

21. GERVASE ELWES.

Portrait bust in bronze.
Queen's Hall, London.

22. HENRY C. FRICK.

Portrait bust in marble. No. 1. Mrs. H. C. Frick, New-York. No. 2. Mrs. H.-C. Frick, Pride's Crossing, Mass. No. 3. Frick Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

23. HINDU INCENSE BURNER.

Portrait statuette of Oukrainski, in bronze.
Owned by Sir Robert Witt, London; Mme. Emma Eames Gogorza, Paris, etc..., etc.

24. THE SACRIFICE.

Heroic size group in Caen stone.
Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New-York (pro tem). Gift of Mrs. Robert Bacon to Harvard University.

1921

25. LA PERI.

Portrait statuette of Pavlowa and Novikoff, in bronze. Owned by Mrs. J. J. Wyle, etc..., etc.

1922

26. IGNACE PADEREWSKI — « *The Statesman* ».

Portrait bust in bronze. Owned by Mr. Paderewski, at present in Steinway Hall, N. Y.
Joan of Arc Medal, Amer. Women Sculptors and Painters Society, N. Y. 1922.

27. IGNACE PADEREWSKI — « *The Artist* ».

Portrait in bronze.
American Academy at Rome; presented by Mrs. H. Fairfield Osborn.

28. PERE LIMET.

Drawing, owned by Averill Harriman Esq., N. Y.

1923

29. BILL WORKING.

Portrait statuette in bronze. Musée Jeu de Paume, Paris.

30. BILL RESTING.

Both bronzes owned by Albert Lehman, Pittsburgh, Pa. Etc..., etc.

31. HAND OF JEAN JULIEN LEMORDANT.

Bronze.

32. THE PRAYER.

Group in marble.

1924

33. MRS. E.-H. HARRIMAN.

Portrait bust in marble, owned by Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Arden House, N. Y.
Second version in bronze.

34. ANNA PAVLOWA.

Portrait mask with Russian Head-dress, in wax.
Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Owned by Mrs. Dean Holden; John Thacher Esq.; Mrs. Thomas Symington; Mrs. Charles Mitchell; Seth Thomas Esq.; etc..., etc.
Watrous Gold Medal, Nat'l Academy of Design, 1924.
Hon. Mention Concord Art Assn. 1925.

35. PAVLOWA AS A BYZANTINE MADONNA.

High relief overmantel, in polychrome plaster.

36. ANNA PAVLOWA.

Portrait bust in marble, life size.
Second version, ten inches high.

1925

37. PEACOCK WALL FOUNTAIN.

Bronze reliefs on Persian Blue Tiles.
Garden of Mrs. Chas. L. Hoffman, Noroton, Conn.
Bronze reliefs on blue mosaic background.
Garden of Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Arden House, N. Y.

38. « TO THE FRIENDSHIP OF ENGLISH SPEAKING PEOPLES. »

Colossal group in Indiana limestone, carved in the U. S. A., placed over the entrance of Bush House, Kingsway & Aldwych, London.

39. « TO THE FRIENDSHIP OF ENGLISH SPEAKING PEOPLES. »

Unveiling of the group by Earl Balfour, July 4th, 1925.

40. YOUNG NEPTUNE.

Fountain figure in bronze on carved stone base. Garden of Mrs. H.-C. Frick, Pride's Crossing, Mass.

41. IVAN MESTROVIC.

Full-length portrait, over life size, in bronze.
Brooklyn Museum.
Second version, bronze, head and torso.

42. ÉDOUARD SCHURÉ.

Portrait head in simili-pierre.

43. MOTHER OF THE LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER.

Small portrait head in terra-cotta, owned by Miss Helen Frick, Miss Mary Patterson, etc..., etc.

44. AGNES YARNALL.

Half-length portrait in stone. No. 1. Charlton Yarnall Esq., Philadelphia, Pa. No. 2. Charlton Yarnall Esq., North East Harbor, Me.

45. IVAN MESTROVIC.

Drawing.

46. CARPET SELLER (*AFRICA*).

Drawing.

1926

47. JOHN KEATS.

Portrait in marble.
University of Pittsburgh, Pa.

48. SORROW.

Marble head, life size.

49. DEATH.

Model for an equestrian statue, three feet, six inches high, in plaster, for a monument « The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse ».

50. PESTILENCE.

Panel in bas-relief, in plaster, for a monument « The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse ».

51. WAR.

Panel in bas-relief, in plaster, for a monument « The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse ».

52. KNEELING GIRL.

Figure in marble, twenty inches high.
Chicago Art Institute, Ill.

1927

53. HIC INCIPIT VITA NOVA.

Heroic size hands, in simili-pierre.
Second version, small size, owned by Felix M. Warburg Esq.

54. BRETON MENHIR.

Half size model, twenty feet high for granite monument to Lighthouse-keepers and men of the sea of Brittany. In plaster.

55. BRETON MENHIR.

Back view of the same.

56. AFRICAN SLAVE.

Portrait in wood, owned by Irving T. Bush Esq.

57. RABBI.

Portrait of the Rabbi of the Synagogue on the Island of Djerba, Africa, in wood.

58. PEGASUS.

Pair of colossal gate-posts for stone. Plaster model.

59. SENEGALESE SOLDIER.

Heroic size, in black Belgian marble.
Brooklyn Museum.

60. MARTINIQUE GIRL.

Heroic size, in black Belgian marble.
Brooklyn Museum.

61. SHEIK.

Drawing, owned by Mrs. Anne Archbold, Washington, D. C.

62. ARAB COOK.

Drawing.

63. ELEPHANT HUNTER (*AFRICA*).

Polychrome plaster, over life size.

1928

64. ARAB STALLION.

Bronze, owned by Mrs. J.-T. Harahan. 20 inches high.
Second version, bronze, 12 inches high.

65. FAMINE.

Cartoon in colour for ceramics. One of a series of four.

66. GIOVANNI BOLDINI.

Portrait bust in plaster. No. 1. Giovanni Boldini. Paris.
No. 2. Brooklyn Museum.

67. RITA DE ALBA LYDIG.

Portrait bust in alabaster.
Second version in simili-pierre.

68. MEMORIAL — FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE.

First version in bas-relief. Plaster. Quarter size model, 11 feet high.

69. MEMORIAL — FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE.

Second version in the round. Plaster.
Quarter size model, 18 feet high.

70. THE LADY NEXT DOOR.

Simili-pierre.

71. JAVANESE MAN DANCER.

Bronze, over life size.
Second version, small size in alabaster, owned by Mrs. Augustus Oliver, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Third version in bronze, owned by Lionberger Davis Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Walter Rothschild, N. Y.; Irwin Laughlin Esq.; etc..., etc.

72. JAVANESE WOMAN DANCER.

Bronze, over life size.
Second version, small size in bronze.

73. THE COAL MAN.

Portrait bust in coal. Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

74. THE BRICK MASON.

Portrait bust in brick.

75. THE MATTRESS MAKER.

Portrait bust in bronze, owned by Paul M. Warburg, Esq.

76. THE COCK-FIGHTER — (*ISLAND OF BALI*).

Bronze, life size.
Second version, twenty inches high.

1929

77. NURSIE.

Drawing.

78. KIKI — SIAMESE CAT.

Bronze, owned by Lionberger Davis Esq.,

79. KIKI (*sleeping*).

Black Belgian marble.

80. MASK OF A JAVANESE WOMAN.

Black Belgian marble.

81. JEAN LIMET (PARIS).

Drawing.

82. GUILLAUME — BRETON SAILOR.

Drawing.

83. MALVINA HOFFMAN.

Self portrait, high relief stone.
Second version, small size. Alabaster.

84. MALVINA HOFFMAN

Self portrait in stone, life size.
Second version small size, bronze.

85. LUTTEURS BRETONS — « PRISE POUR JETER ».

Group in small size. Plaster.

86. LUTTEURS BRETONS — « CROQUE-JAMBE ».

Group in small size. Plaster.

ILLUSTRATIONS

RICHARD HOFFMAN

Portrait bust in marble.

SAMUEL B. GRIMSON

Portrait bust in bronze.

RUSSIAN DANCERS

Statuette in bronze.

SHIVERING GIRL

Fountain figure in bronze.

« MORTE EXQUISE »

Group in marble.

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Portrait statuette of Oukrainski, in bronze.

THE SACRIFICE - Stone.

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New-York.

THE SACRIFICE

Heroic size group in Caen stone.

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Portrait bust in bronze.

IGNACE PADEREWSKI « *The Artist.* »

Portrait in bronze.

BILL WORKING

HAND OF JEAN JULIEN LEMORDANT

Bronze.

THE PRAYER

Group in marble.

ANNA PAVLOWA

Portrait bust in marble.

ANNA PAVLOWA - marble

Portrait mask, in wax. (preceding page)

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Full-length portrait, in bronze.

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Marble head.

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Model for an equestrian statue in plaster.

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Panel in bas-relief, in plaster.

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Figure in marble.

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Heroic size hands, in simili-pierre.

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Half size model, in plaster.

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Portrait in wood.

MARTINIQUE GIRL

In black Belgian marble.

SENEGALESE SOLDIER

Black Belgian marble.

ELEPHANT HUNTER (*AFRICA*)

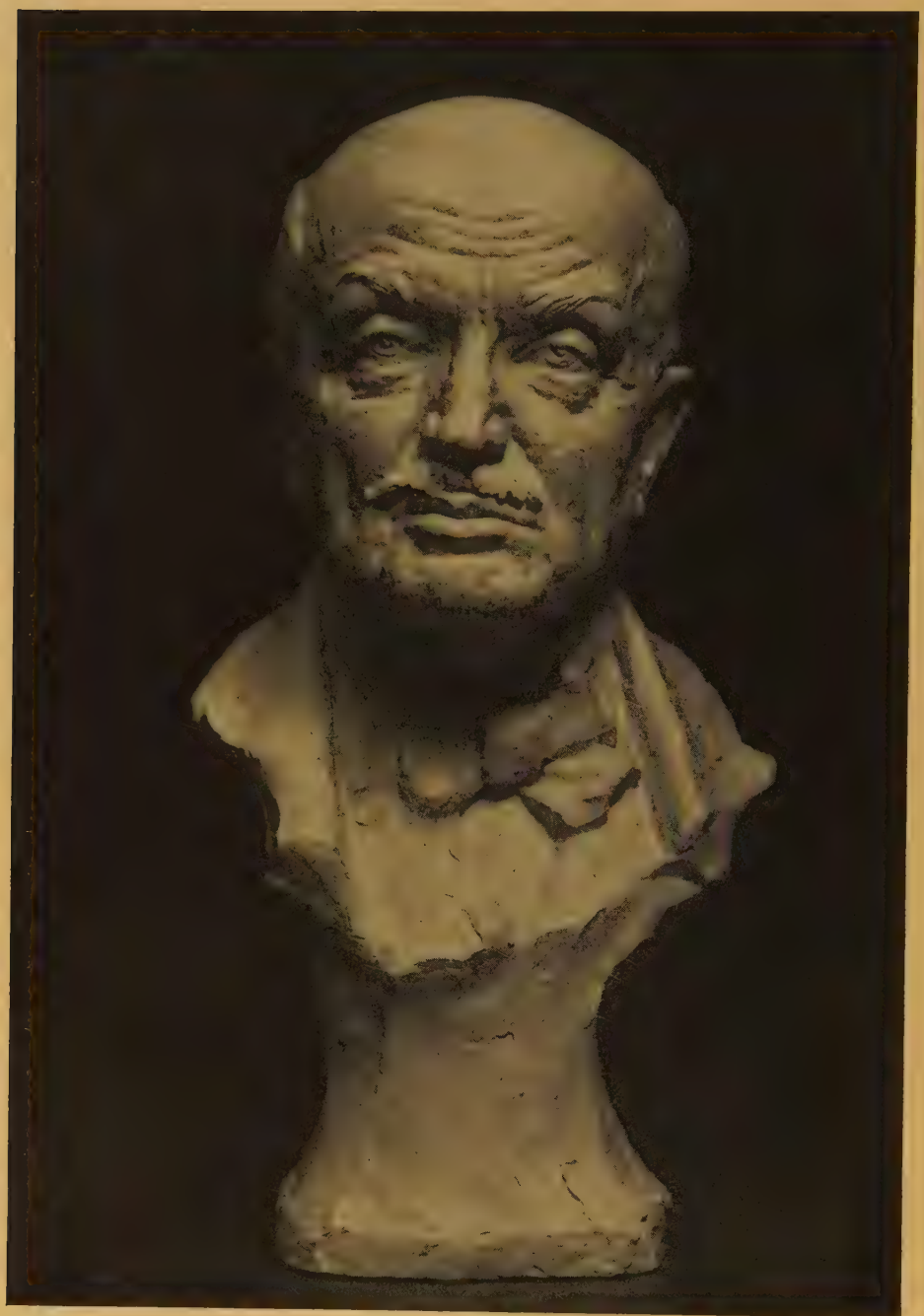
Polychrome plaster.

ARAB STALLION

Bronze.

FAMINE

Cartoon in colour for ceramics.



GIOVANNI BOLDINI

Portrait bust in plaster.

RITA DE ALBA LYDIG

Portrait bust in alabaster.

MEMORIAL — FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

MEMORIAL — FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

JAVANESE WOMAN DANCER

Bronze.

THE COAL MAN

Portrait bust in coal.

THE BRICK MASON
Portrait bust in brick.

THE MATTRESS MAKER
Portrait bust in bronze.

THE COCK-FIGHTER — *(ISLAND OF BALI)*

Bronze.

KIKI — SIAMESE CAT

Bronze.

MASK OF A JAVANESE WOMAN

Black Belgian marble.

HENRY C. FRICK

Portrait bust in marble.

LUTTEURS BRETONS — « PRISE POUR JETER »

Plaster

ACHEVÉ D'IMPRIMER LE QUINZE
AVRIL MIL NEUF CENT TRENTE
SUR LES PRESSES DU MAITRE IM-
PRIMEUR COULOUMA, A ARGEN-
TEUIL, H. BARTHÉLEMY ÉTANT
DIRECTEUR.